HELL'S KITCHEN SCREAMS.

A BUILDING FACADE BECOMES A BONE-CRUSHING AVALANCHE-- NAPALM SPLATTERS FROM ROOF TO CROWDED STREET-- A CAR EXPLODES--

-- GLASS SPLINTERS SHARP AS RAZORS-- SLICES THROUGH THE AIR--AND THROUGH FLESH--

--SIRENS WAIL LIKE SPOILED CHILDREN--

-- CHILDREN-- DON'T THINK ABOUT THE CHILDREN-- DON'T LISTEN TO THEM--

--THE GUN--THAT LUNATIC'S GUN--

LISTEN TO IT-- FIRING BULLETS NOW--

--LISTEN TO HIM--

WE'RE PULLING OUT, BOY. OUR TARGET'S VANISHED.

WON'T LET YOU DOWN, COLONEL--

--I'LL FIND HIM--

NO, NUKE-- MISSION ABORTED--

--WON'T LET YOU DOWN--

--WON'T LET--OUR BOYS DOWN--

HIS HEART'S STRONG--BUT TOO FAST-- GOT TO BE AMPHETAMINES--

--I'LL BE LUCKY IF THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO HIM...

BOSS--IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND--IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS--

--YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT--

THERE, DID YOU FEEL THAT--

--EVEN HERE--TWENTY BLOCKS DISTANT--THE EARTH TREMBLES...

SKREKK

BRA KK

--NO--HE'S TOO QUICK--

--NO--EVERY TIME HE FIRES THAT THING--

--ACROSS THE STREET AN OLD WOMAN CRUMPLES BY HER WINDOW WITH WOUNDS THAT WILL NEVER HEAL--

THWOKK

--EVERY TIME HE FIRES PEOPLE DIE--

--IT'S GOT TO BE HAND TO--

--TOO FAST--

WHKKK

--AND HE'S GOT BACK-UP--THAT HELICOPTER...

BRAKABRAKAB

--STAY CLOSE TO HIM--ONLY CHANCE--

SPAKASPAKA

--BLIND AS I AM--BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE--HEIGHTENED **SENSES**--

--BUILT-IN **RADAR**-- TELLS ME--

--WHERE EVERYTHING **IS**--**BETTER** THAN EYES--

--**FORGET** NERVES-- **SO MANY** VICTIMS--

--**FORGET** NERVES--

--BREAK THE **BONE**--

CHAKK

SNAKK

--NOT--THAT'S NOT **BONE**--

--NO MORE-- STOP BEING CLEVER--

--NO MORE--

WHUKK

My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

THERE--OVER THERE--

I GOT IT--

KLIK

HELL'S KITCHEN is under ATTACK by a one man ARMY. MATT MURDOCK is trying to negotiate a CEASE FIRE.

Unilaterally.

SSZZZATT

YOU HAVE *FIVE SECONDS.*

There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING--and HOLDS it, waiting.

Not being STUPID, Matt backs AWAY.

GIVE ME-- A *WHITE*--

It's a LONG night.

It's a HORRIBLE night.

SHEER *LUNACY.* KINGPIN! SHEER *LUNACY.*

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE *DEAD*--IF THE *SYNDICATE* GETS FINGERED FOR IT WE'LL BE IN COURT FOR *MONTHS*--

PLEASE, MR. GLAZER...

...DO NOT REFER TO OUR ORGANIZATION AS A *SYNDICATE.* IT *DATES* YOU.

DATES ME. RIGHT. SURE. IN THE *OLD* DAYS WE MIGHT GO FOR A *FAMILY*--BUT WE NEVER FLATTENED AN ENTIRE *NEIGHBORHOOD.*

HAVE YOU ANY *IDEA* WHAT YOUR *VENDETTA* HAS *COST* US TONIGHT IN LOST *DRUG TRADE?*

VERY *LITTLE*-- AS COMPARED TO THE LOST *REAL ESTATE*. BUT PLEASE-- GO *ON*, MR. GLAZER.

YOU *BET* I'LL GO ON, FAT MAN. I'LL SAY WHAT *EVERYBODY* HERE IS THINKING. YOU'RE SCREWING *UP*.

YOU'VE ENDANGERED *ALL* OF US--AND COST US *MILLIONS*-- JUST TO HARASS THAT BLIND *SHYSTER*--

GLAZER-- YOU'D BETTER EASE *UP*...

MR. GLAZER IS ENTITLED TO HIS *OPINION*, MR. ORNSTEIN.

ALLOW ME TO *INTERJECT*, HOWEVER, THAT *MURDOCK* IS NO LONGER AN *ATTORNEY*.

CRAZY, KINGPIN. YOU'VE BEEN *CRAZY*--EVER SINCE YOU LOST YOUR *WIFE*--

...LOOK, I... GUESS I'VE BEEN HITTING THE *BOTTLE* A LITTLE TOO... I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

....I MEAN, HELL'S KITCHEN, YOU KNOW... I'VE PUT A LOT OF *YEARS* INTO IT, AND...

YES, MR. GLAZER.

I UNDER-STAND.

HHKKK

GGG--

KRAKK

WE *ALL* UNDER-STAND EACH OTHER, NOW--

--*DON'T* WE, GENTLEMEN?

DAWN BREAKS, MERCIFULLY.

EXCUSE ME-- SORRY--

FOGGY. HE WAS MY PARTNER. IN AN-OTHER LIFE.

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME.

GLORI--

OH, GLORI...

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

CAN'T YOU *GIVE* ME SOMETHING FOR THIS--

HURTS JUST KEEPS *HURTING*--

YOU'RE FROM *IRELAND*? I HAVEN'T *SEEN* IT SINCE I WAS A *CHILD*.

OH, *HONEY*-- I WAS SO *SCARED*...

I THINK WE *ALL* SAW IT LAST *NIGHT*, SISTER. THE *BAD* PART, ANYWAY.

DON'T *MOVE* ME JUST GIVE ME SOMETHING *FOR* IT--

FOGGY! YOU *CAME*!

YOU NEED TO *SLEEP*.

I'M ALL RIGHT, MAGGIE. REALLY I AM.

OF *COURSE* I CAME, GLORI. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE *OKAY*...YOU ARE *OKAY*?...

BULLET PASSED RIGHT *THROUGH*, FOGGY. THOUGH IT *DID* TAKE A CHUNK OF ME *WITH* IT.

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* THIS *HAPPENED*. *FIRST* THING WE'LL DO IS GET YOU TO A PROPER *HOSPITAL*.

I CAN'T BE *MOVED* JUST YET. FOGGY, I'VE...I'VE GOT A *FAVOR* TO ASK YOU...

GET SOME *SLEEP*, MATT. SOON AS YOU CAN.

I WILL...

SURE, GLORI. WHATEVER...

WELL, I HATE TO ASK, FOGGY--BUT COULD YOU TAKE THIS ROLL OF FILM TO THE DAILY BUGLE--TO BEN URICH?

BY NOW HE'S CLIMBING THE WALLS.

THERE YOU ARE...

GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS JOB. I THOUGHT MAYBE--

DON'T EVEN START WITH THAT, FOGGY. I'VE LOST NOTHING THAT WON'T GROW BACK.

AND THE PICTURES I TOOK...

YEAH. WELL... I'LL BE SEEING YOU, SWEETIE...

SURE, FOGGY. I'LL CALL YOU...

WHAT IS IT, MATT?

I'M IN TROUBLE, KAREN. I HAVE TO GO.

TROUBLE--IF THAT'S WHO I THINK IT IS--

EXCUSE ME--SORRY--

--YES--NO MAN EVER BREATHED LIKE THAT--

--DOWN THE BLOCK--IN THAT ALLEY--

--NO--THERE'S HIS SCENT--HE'S MOVING--THOUGH YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT FROM HIS HEARTBEAT--SO STEADY--

--THERE--RAN PAST ME--RATTLED A GARBAGE CAN--A LITTLE SLOPPY BUT FAST--

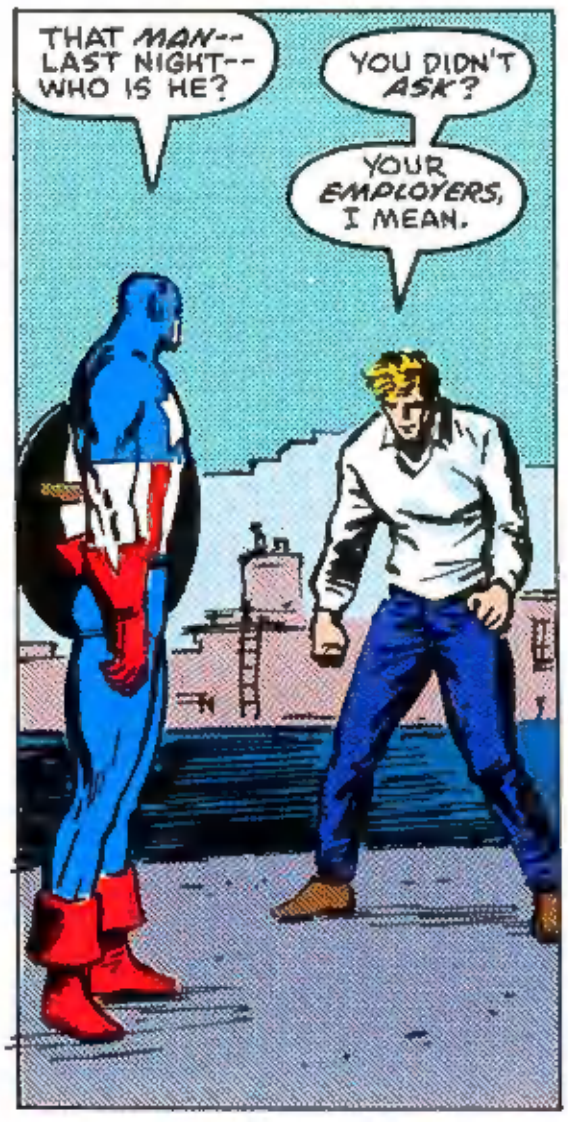
--FASTER THAN ME--

--NO GOOD--HE'S GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT--RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--

--LEAPING--SO EASILY--WINDOW STILL CREAKS WITH HIS WEIGHT--THREE HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST--

--HIS MUSCLES LIE ABOUT IT--LIKE HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY SWING HIM UP--

--ALL WORKED OUT--
HE TRACKED ME--
SINCE LAST NIGHT--
DAREDEVIL--
I MEAN YOU
NO HARM.
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?


THAT MAN--
LAST NIGHT--
WHO IS HE?
YOU DIDN'T
ASK?
YOUR
EMPLOYERS,
I MEAN.

THEY AREN'T MY
EMPLOYERS.
THEY SAID
HE'S A
TERRORIST.
NO ORDINARY TERRORIST,
IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS.
NO. HE'S TOO GOOD AT
IT. AND TOO WELL MADE.

HIS SKIN CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS
OF PLASTICS. IT'S VERY TOUGH,
DOESN'T BURN EASILY. HIS SKELETON,
HIS MUSCLES--THEY'RE ONLY
PARTLY HUMAN.
SO WHAT'S
IT TO YOU?

HE WEARS THE *FLAG*.

I HADN'T *NOTICED*.

IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO THEM, THINKS THE SOLDIER. TO THEM, IT'S JUST A PIECE OF CLOTH.

SOMETIMES I FEEL SO WEAK.

Glori's PICTURES make it just under DEADLINE.

Mystery Killer Attacks Hell's Kitchen

Dozens Dead

JAMESON is so happy he springs for two COLORS.

It's a GOOD story.

Makes all the right people look TERRIBLE.

DAILY BUGLE

WILL YOU *CONTAIN* THE STORY, GENERAL? OR MUST I TAKE MEASURES OF MY *OWN*?

YOU CAN COUNT ON MY DEPARTMENT TO RENDER THE SITUATION *STABILIZED*, MR. FISK.

SIR--SIR, YOU CAN'T--

--YOU...UM... YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE...

GENERAL-- WHO IS THIS MAN?

CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN. *PLEASURE* TO SEE YOU. *PLEASURE.*

OH, *THAT* NONSENSE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT *CLEARED* FOR THAT, CAPTAIN. BUT IT'S NOTHING TO...

KLIK

...YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS...

...I REALLY WISH I *COULD* TELL YOU, CAPTAIN. THEN YOU'D *KNOW* IT'S NOTHING TO...I WISH I *COULD*...

...YOU KNOW THE DEPARTMENT HOLDS YOU IN THE *HIGHEST* REGARD. WE'VE ALWAYS VALUED YOUR *COMMITMENT*-- AND YOUR *LOYALTY*...

I'M LOYAL TO *NOTHING*, GENERAL-- EXCEPT THE *DREAM.*

IT WASN'T MUCH OF A PLACE. JUST A GRIMY DINER IN A GRIMY SECTION OF TOWN.

JUST THIRTY YEARS IN THE LIVES OF BERTHA AND OTTO SCHNAPP.

INSURANCE COMPANY FOUND SOME *EXCUSE* I COULDN'T EVEN *UNDERSTAND* TO KEEP FROM *PAYING* ON THE *POLICY.*

Diner

YOU COULD *SUE* THEM, OTTO.

YOU EVER *SUE* ANYBODY, RED?

ME AND THE *BRIDE*, WE'RE NOT *YOUNG* ANYMORE --AND WE'VE *NEVER* BEEN *RICH.* BEING *RIGHT*, WELL...THAT DOESN'T COUNT FOR *MUCH.* NOT WHEN YOU BRING *LAWYERS* INTO IT.

NO, I GUESS IT DOESN'T...

...WE'RE *BOTH* UNEMPLOYED *NOW*, MATT. WE--

--YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING IN *MIND*. WHAT IS IT?

IT'S *SNEAKY*.

GROUND FLOOR, SIR?

NOT JUST *YET*.

SUB LEVEL *SIX*. THE *VAULT*.

SIR--YOU AREN'T *CLEARED*-- I CAN'T--

YES, CORPORAL.

WHAPP

MANY FLOORS ABOVE...

NO. GIVE ME A *RED*. A *RED*.

SORRY, SON. IT'S *WHITES* AND *BLUES* FOR YOU-- FOR *NOW*, THAT IS.

DON'T GET THE WRONG *IDEA*, SON. YOU'RE *NOT* BEING *PUNISHED*. YOU *HAVEN'T* DONE ANYTHING *WRONG*.

BUT THOSE *REDS*-- THEY MAKE YOU PRETTY *WILD*. AND THE *DEPARTMENT* IS GETTING A LITTLE *HEAT*, AS YOU CAN SEE... SO UNTIL YOUR *RELOCATION*...

THIS IS MY *COUNTRY*. I WANT TO *STAY* HERE.

MP

MP

MP

YOU'LL SERVE IT BETTER *OVERSEAS*, SON. THAT'S WHERE THE *ENEMY* IS.

DAILY BUGLE

Mystery Killer Attacks Hell's Kitchen

Dozens Dead

NO. THE ENEMY IS *HERE*. *HERE*.

THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO [illegible] HOW IT USED TO BE--WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE--AN ACT OF TREASON--WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE—BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS, ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.

PROJECT REBIRTH--THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS--THE SUPER SOLDIER--PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

...WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS--NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.

HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

TWENTY.

DEAD--ALL BUT ONE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.

HELL'S KITCHEN.

...COSTUME GIVES ME A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE OVER CRIMINALS, KAREN...

...MAKES IT EASIER TO *MOVE*...

...REALLY, IT'S *CRUCIAL*...

RIGHT, RIGHT...

67

THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD WORK--BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE--BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

...YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE THINKS. NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME ... HOW EASILY I WILL SHED THAT TITLE. HOW HAPPILY.

THIS IS MY *FUTURE*--TO LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD *BEHIND*...NO, TO BRING IT *WITH* ME...

...THEN, FROM NOWHERE, IT STRIKES HIM--

--LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD AND SECONDS FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

--THE NAME.

MURDOCK.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW STAND POISED—

--TO BE FUNNELED INTO THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S FINANCIAL EMPIRE.

RINGG

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OF REBUILT DINER...

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE BROKE OUT, HEADED FOR THE DAILY BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE HIM GOOD. GET HIM IN POSITION AND WAIT FOR THE KILL ORDER...

THE SOLDIER REMEMBERS THE TIME BEFORE HE WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS THE SMILES. THERE WAS SO MUCH HOPE IN THAT TIME. HIS TIME.

HE REMEMBERS THE WAR...

[redacted] BLOCKS AWAY-- HAS TO BE THEM--

THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES, THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE [redacted]UND-- ARMY HELICOPTERS --HOVERING OVER THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...

...LEAVE ME HERE, CAPTAIN. I'LL HOLD THE LINE...

ON YOUR FEET, SERGEANT.

THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE CLEAN ABOUT THE PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED [redacted] THAT BURNED FLESH AND DESTROYED THE EFFORTS OF GENERATIONS...

--THOSE HELICOPTERS --MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL THEY COME OUT--KEEP IT TIGHT--

...THE PLANES DIDN'T SNEAK IN CLOSE, LIKE THE HELICOPTERS DO. THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF THEIR VICTIMS LIKE GIANT INSECTS FROM A HORROR MOVIE...

...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE CRAZY.

THOSE ARE OUR BOYS.

KEEP IT TIGHT-- ON MY ORDER--

SOMEBODY CALL A COP!

LUNATIC STOLE MY CAB!

SKREE

RED LIGHT YOU--

SKREECH!!

HONKK

--BLIND, MAN?--CAN'T YOU SEE--

RADAR'S USELESS-- WHAT THE WINDSHIELD LETS THROUGH THE RAIN TEARS TO BITS--

--TOO MUCH NOISE--HARD TO SORT--

SKREEE

HONK

--SOMEWHERE IN IT I PICK UP HIS HEARTBEAT. IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

SKRUMPP

MANIAC--

MISSION-- STATUS?--

YOU'RE GOING HOME, SERGEANT.

AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE--TO GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL--

--PROMISED--PROMISED YOU'D NEVER DO THAT...P

NO. NO HOSPITAL.

ONE PLACE--LEFT TO TAKE HIM--

--ONE PURPOSE--HE CAN STILL SERVE...

SR R EEEEE

ABOVE...

HE'S HEADING EAST NOW...

KEEP ON IT, CORPORAL...

WAIT--SCAN THAT ROOF. HEAT SENSORS.

YES, SIR.

SIR, I'M PICKING SOMETHING UP. HOW COULD YOU SEE...

DAREDEVIL, BOSS. HEISTED NUKE--AND A CAB. DRIVING WEST ON--WAIT A MINUTE...

...MAKE THAT EAST ON TWENTY-THIRD.

EAST. THE DAILY BUGLE. WE MUST ASSUME THAT NUKE HAS OVERCOME DAREDEVIL--AND IS FOLLOWING HIS ORIGINAL PLAN.

PATCH ME THROUGH TO OUR SQUAD ON THE BUGLE'S ROOF.

WINCH--COME IN, WINCH...

...STEINER. REPORT.

STEINER--DO YOU COPY?

YB

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...

DAILY BUGLE

US ARMY SUPER KILLER

KINGPIN IMPLICATED IN HELL'S KITCHEN SLAUGHTER

...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES--FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

--SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW--HE IS A VILLAIN.

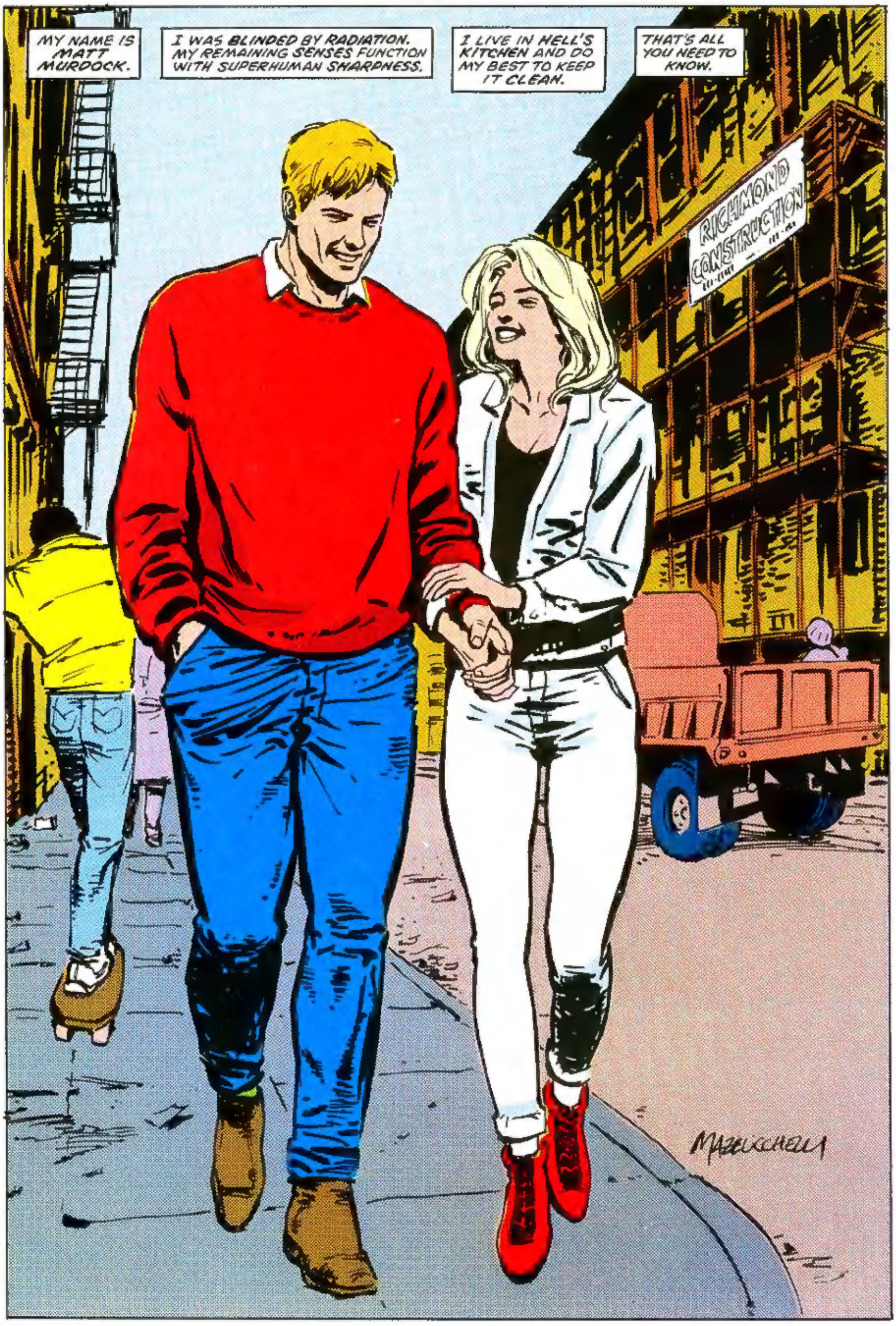
HE IS SHUNNED--EVEN CONDEMNED--BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

THE LAW.

...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.


MY NAME IS MATT MURDOCK.
I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION. MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.
I LIVE IN HELL'S KITCHEN AND DO MY BEST TO KEEP IT CLEAN.
THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
RICHMOND CONSTRUCTION
MAZZUCCHELLI